**Don't Wait Until The Meat Spoils**

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# Don't Wait Until The Meat Spoils

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will is apparently sleeping peacefully. Hannibal tries to sneak off in the middle of the night to go hunting and satisfy his craving for human meat but Will catches him off guard when he unexpectedly wakes up. Hannibal learns a shocking yet pleasant truth.

Sequel to the oneshot “The Caring Monster”

Notes

This is what my mind gave me for Halloween when I lay in bed last night. Yes, the bed is my best friend currently.

It’s not spooky, rather harmless, but I guess living with a serial killer is always a bit spooky and dangerous? ;)

Happy Halloween 👻 and stay safe :)

Hannibal would have wished to linger in bed and observe Will sleeping as peacefully as a little pup, untroubled by nightmares, but he had to go out...and hunt to satisfy his craving for human meat, suppress his urges and not have Will for dinner some other day.Careful not to wake Will from one of his deep slumbers, induced by a injection of sleep-inducing benzodiazepines Will had demanded to sleep better, he gently withdrew his arm from his waist before he heaved his body closer to the edge of the bed. He removed the duvets from his body with a slow movement, making sure not to accidentally drag it away from Will who had pulled it up to his chin. Swinging one leg after another over the edge, he sat up, not wanting to get up abruptly as his blood pressure was particularly low after waking up and caused dizziness.

He flinched as a rough snore disrupted the quiet in the room. Will jerked and moved his limbs, unconsciously noticing the absence of his lover's warm body behind him. Hannibal stilled his movements for some seconds, observant and cautious, holding his breath. Some seconds passed until he felt it was safe to move again.

Being the cold-blooded predator he was, his heartbeat never increased significantly before and after murder but the mere thought of Will catching him leaving the house in the middle of the night and finally seeing through his person suit at this delicate point of their relationship - this alone caused this vital organ to stutter at least for a second and an unfamiliar shiver run down his spine. Of course, Hannibal could have simply injected another moderate dose of the sleep-inducing drug into his veins, this time without consent. Will would have felt the cold sting of the needle, woken up for some seconds in bemusement before drifting off into a deep peaceful sleep once more tonight. No harm would be done for now and he would be able to proceed as he wished but Will would probably remember it in the morning, be furious about it and do something Hannibal could not entirely predict yet.

Hannibal never had any moral concerns about drugging someone against their will before and enjoyed playing with Will's worsening encephalitis a little before he started extinguishing the fire in his brain with Dr. Sutcliffe some weeks ago after the collapse at the crime scene of Abel Gideon, the Ripper copycat, but now with Will being in recovery and trusting him, the situation was different. His love, maybe the biochemical cocktail of hormones, had softened his cruel heart a bit. When it came to Will at least. He still enjoyed toying with Jack and the rest of the FBI and did certainly not care about the pigs he was about to slaughter.

Hannibal frowned, considering the option, while he silently put on his clothes - casual clothes this time. A red sweater and dark denim jeans needed to suffice. He would need to dispose of them eventually even though his plastic suit always prevented him from getting blood spatters on his body and leaving evidence behind. A soft, loving smile curled up on his lips, reaching his eyes as Will moaned and mumbled in his sleep. He remained there standing still in the top right corner of the room, half-dressed, his upper body naked and exposed to the cold. The room temperature was always quite low as Will was used to it from his former home in Wolf Trap, Virginia. Hannibal was unable to sleep when it was cold but at least he had several warming duvets sheltering him, keeping him warm. Besides, Will always had an elevated body temperature, being sick or not, and he served him well as heating. Except the feet. They were ice-cold but luckily he was able to convince Will to wear socks.

Having put on the red cashmere jumper, he was cozy and warm again. It was winter after all and he didn't want to catch a cold or pneumonia out there where he was about to go. Hannibal turned towards the door, ready to fetch his coat, plastic suit, his tools, the syringes with the drugs for his victim from the basement before he would depart to wipe another rude existence from this earth. To be more specific, it was a clerk who tried to sell him an insurance a while ago, knowing it was a fraud and too expensive. The world would be better off without him. He wondered how many people that man had duped. Frankly, it was not so much about the people being duped but the behaviour this man had shown when confronted with his doings.

Just as he was about to open the door, he winced again and halted, when he smelled the musky scent of Will behind him all of a sudden. In some moments, lost in his thoughts, busy with seeking his keys without making a noise and contemplating the tableau he was about to create and what he would need, Will must have woken up and sneaked out of the bed as silent as a cat preying on a mouse in the field.

Hannibal whirled around and was unable to hide the surprise and embarrassment for some moments but he wasn't sure if Will was able to see it, even though the lamp had been switched on, illuminating the room a little with a soft yellowish light. He swallowed but the lump forming in his throat was hard to swallow. What should he do now with Will? He didn't want this to end so soon. His wonderful lamb he wanted to keep from slaughtering..

Will's curls were messy, frizzy, sticking out in every direction. Drops of saliva ran down the corner of his mouth into his stubble.He stood there only dressed in his blue boxers, not having bothered with putting on his pyjama after sex. He seemed to feel cold as he shivered a little, wrapping his arms around his body while standing there in front of him. Even in this state somewhere between sleep and consciousness, he was adorable and magnificent , Hannibal admitted.

Will let go of his upper body and rubbed his half-closed eyes. A yawn left his mouth and he groaned.Hannibal scrutinized him, paralyzed, his mind seeking an apology, for an excuse but he sensed there was none good enough to explain getting dressed at 2 AM. The tension in his body increased. Hannibal was getting ready to strangle him and make him at least unconscious for some hours if he tried to fight. He got his arms ready and tensed his muscles like a lion before attacking an antelope. But Will just smiled, put a hand on his shoulder and said. "I need to take a piss. You're in my way." Hannibal relaxed. "I'm sorry, Will." He stepped aside. "Do you need help?" Hannibal asked in a hoarse voice, concerned about the effect of the drug. He didn't want him to stumble and hurt himself because of it. From his own experience he knew that everyone who was given a sedative always needed to be monitored. At least a little. He didn't give him too much though or else he would have slept through the night. Will merely shook his head and jammed down the door handle.

Just in the moment as Will pushed past him, lulling Hannibal into safety, into utter relief that Will wasn't aware what he was up to, he said: "Have a good night out and enjoy yourself, but please, *please,* Hannibal, don't leave any evidence behind and make the signature of your murder too obvious for Jack, okay? And put more effort into your tableau if you insist on it - the last ones were kind of sloppy and not as inspired as they used to be." He winked, a mischievous glint lay in his eyes, before dragging his tired body towards the bath room.

Hannibal's jaw dropped and he remained silent, opening his mouth but closing it again His brain was not able to devise an adequate answer. Relief, joy, and shock were igniting a firework inside his brain, making it useless, which isn't good when you are about to kill.

Hannibal was still standing in the middle of the corridor when Will had finished in the bathroom and flushed. He flicked off the light, closed the bathroom door behind him and walked around the corner, noticing Hannibal standing there like a beautiful yet creepy wax doll that could have been stolen from Madame Tussaud's exhibition. He chuckled in amusement at seeing him so baffled and helpless which was so untypical of the usual self-composed man. Passing him by, Will hurled a quick kiss on his lips, touched his cheeks and whispered with a grin:"You should see your face." Hannibal frowned, a little irritated at being mocked like that. If he kept that up, he was tempted to cut off his toes and use them as their amuse bouche for tomorrow's dinner.

Will pressed his lips on his forehead. "Sorry but your face was priceless. I should have taken a photo." Hannibal growled a little but was appeased by another tender kiss. "Well, off you go. Don't wait until the meat spoils. And don't take too long, I'm already hungry and can't wait for breakfast." He paused. "You won't get my dick or my ass until you've finished your work or if you dare to come back with empty hands", Will added with a little grin on his lips, raising his eyebrows at him in amusement before closing the bedroom door with such a decisive finality that prompted Hannibal to leave, his spirit lifted.

He smirked to himself while he fetched the things he needed for tonight's hunt. Hannibal was so enthusiastic about the outcome, about Will's loyalty that he would even change his trademark of killing for him and eventually create his own tableau at home, not in public as he used to. Maybe he'd pull off Garret Jacob Hobbs in his own way. And of course he would hurry and provide the meat for his beloved for breakfast before he could enjoy the delicacies his Will has to offer. Hannibal was in the best mood he hadn't been in for a long time.

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